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SELECTED TALES.

A SKETCH OF FASHIONABLE LIFE.

(Continued.)

In the evening Moreton, as usual, came. They were going to a party, and took tea before they went. Alice was dressed and below when he entered. Mrs. Selwyn, too, was present; but Isabelle, who made dress a study, was yet at her toilette. The conversation was animated and agreeable. Mrs. Selwyn bore her part, for Charles was the subject. Alice spoke of his letters; said, next to going abroad was the pleasure of receiving accounts from friends, written on the spot. "Mr. Selwyn," said she, "brings every object before you in the easiest and most natural manner imaginable; he has the true art of letter-writing."

"Then," said Moreton, "he is a correspondent of yours?" "Of mine? O, no, indeed," said Alice; "Mrs. Selwyn and Isabelle have let me read his letters." Simple as these observations were, the mother added them to her daughter's intimations, and grew more anxious. "Have you never regretted not going abroad with Charles?" said Mrs. Selwyn. "No," replied Moreton; "I made my decision after well considering the subject. My sister's health at the time was so feeble, and the doctor considered her life so uncertain, that I could not have left her." "But you see," said Mrs. Selwyn, "you might just as well have gone as not. Miss Ann has recovered her health; as to her being a little lame, she has learnt to manage her crutch so well, I don't think any thing of it." It was evident Moreton recoiled from the mention of his sister's misfortune. "It has turned out happily as it is," said he; "I have no regret that I did not go. I was able to devote a great deal of time to her, and to alleviate her sufferings." At this moment Isabelle entered, dressed for the evening, and never looking more resplendently beautiful. A little haste had given an unusual color to her cheeks, while the news she had to announce or at least talk over, of Charles's immediate return, threw an unusual air of tenderness and expression over the perfect symmetry of her features. All gazed upon her, Mrs. Selwyn and Moreton probably with unqualified admiration; but Alice thought to herself, if there was only a heart worthy of that exterior, he could have nothing more to wish. She held out her hand to Moreton as she entered; it was ungloved, and soft and white; could he help pressing it to his lips! when he relinquished it, a sparkling diamond was added to the rings that already glittered on her fingers. Happy mother! might have ejaculated Mrs. Selwyn, what canst thou ask for more? But she prudently forbore expressing her rapture by words; though her face gave evident signs of delight. "You have come early," said Isabelle, "to congratulate us on the good news we have heard; we are all so happy! and even Alice is full of anticipation and projects." To the three to whom this sentence was addressed, it conveyed to each a different meaning. Mrs. Selwyn saw in it treasons and stratagems; Alice that it conveyed sarcasm, though she knew not why; but Moreton saw in it only that sunshine of happiness which reflects its own brightness on all around. "We have taken our tea," said he, "while you were admiring yourself at your mirror, and now you must receive it at my hand;" and he brought her a cup from the waiter. "Is it sweet enough?" said he, as she tasted it. "O yes," replied she, looking up at him with that beaming expression that painters give to St. Cecilia. "You all know well how to sweeten our cup before we drink it." "Dear Isabelle!" said Moreton; and he looked as if he could have knelt and offered incense. "We were talking about Mr. Moreton's not going abroad with Charles," said Mrs. Selwyn, "when you came in. You know he did not go, on his sister's account. I was just saying that it was most a pity, as Ann has recovered her health; and, as for her lameness, it is just nothing at all." "It is possible," said Moreton, "that I may go abroad under much greater advantages for happiness; at least, I will think so this evening;" and he looked expressively at Isabelle. Isabelle looked down and turned her new ring; could a lover that had not actually put the question, ask for more encouragement. "It might be of great service to Miss Ann, to go to Europe," said Mrs. Selwyn. "Perhaps so," said Moreton, and a cloud came over his fine face. "I have heard," said Mrs. Selwyn, "of very surprising recoveries by traveling. If your sister should be well married, her husband might take her abroad." "If going abroad could restore my sister's health," said Moreton, with energy, "I would go to the end of the earth with her; there is no sacrifice I should think too great." "I think it very likely it would," said Isabelle, a sudden change taking place in her expression, "I would advise you by all means to go." "There is little chance of it," said Moreton, in a melancholy tone. "I have consulted various medical gentlemen, they give no encouragement. I am afraid my poor Ann must be a cripple for life." "If she should

be," said Mrs. Selwyn, "you must not let it distress you; there are much greater evils; she may yet be well settled in life." Moreton seemed to writhe under this mode of consolation. "Upon my word," said Mrs. Selwyn, "I am perfectly serious. If I was a young man, there is no lady I know of, that I would sooner select than Miss Moreton." "Mother!" said Isabelle, who began to tremble for her discretion, while Alice rose and took a book, and seemed to be intently reading. "When we talk," said her mother, mistaking her daughter's meaning, "we always except the present company; but, though Miss Ann is a little lame, she has so many other advantages; and, in my own opinion, if she was married to a man a good deal taller than herself, by taking hold of his arm, she could walk without a crutch."

For once let our readers sympathize with poor Isabelle; knowing precisely her mother's projects, and that this tall man that was to supply the place of a crutch, was her brother Charles; wholly unable to control her emotions, she leant back in her chair, and covering her face with her handkerchief, yielded to an ungovernable fit of laughter. Moreton started from her as if stung by a scorpion. His first impulse was to seize his hat and rush out; but, recollecting himself, he took a seat on the sofa where Alice was sitting, her head so intently bent over the book that her face was not visible. A profound silence followed. Mrs. Selwyn was shocked at her daughter's impoliteness, and Moreton held his hand to his forehead as if to control its beating pulses. The image of his sister was before him, with all her once brilliant prospects; then came her slow, torturing disease; her nights of anguish rose to his mind, her patience and gentleness; and now, to see that calamity which heaven had sent upon her, ridiculed, scoffed at—it was bitterness insupportable. Isabelle's paroxysm of laughter, it must be confessed, did not last long; she composed her features, and said, "Moreton!" in a soft voice. "Did you speak to me?" said he, looking coldly at her. She arose and came behind him, laid her hand upon his shoulder, and leant her face so close to his that her breath played on his cheek, as she said, "Forgive me!" "I will," said Moreton, in a low voice, "if you can forgive yourself." "You can not know what diverted me, nor can I explain it to you," replied she, in an imploring tone. "Don't try," said Moreton, "the explanation might be as painful as the cause." Mrs. Selwyn could not well comprehend what was going on; she saw Moreton was offended, and Isabelle trying to appease him, and she would not be wanting in maternal efforts. "You must excuse poor Isabelle," said she; "she never can help laughing when any thing diverts her. I sometimes tell her she has got the hysterics."

Had Mrs. Selwyn understood all the intricacies of the human heart, she could not have given Isabelle a happier clue. Quick as lightning she seized upon it. "Mamma is right," said she, in the same low whisper, and still hanging over him; "it is too true; there are times when my feelings are too deeply affected for self command. I must laugh or weep;" and she looked as if she were trying to do the latter. Alice laid down her book, and said, "Isabelle, I am going for my shawl, shall I get yours?" "Do, dear Alice," exclaimed she; "and, mamma, will you have the goodness to lend me your blue and white smelling-bottle." Mrs. Selwyn followed Alice, to get it, happy to contribute to her darling's comfort. When they returned, harmony was apparently restored; the carriage was at the door. Moreton put on Isabelle's shawl, and then turned to assist Alice; perhaps, it was merely her own idea, but she thought he looked at her with peculiar kindness. Alice, from her first acquaintance with Ann, had felt disposed to love her; what often repels the young and happy, had called forth her sympathy, and though she was careful not to mark any feeling of compassion, her voice was more gentle when she spoke to her and her attentions more undivided. And how could it be otherwise? Who would not wish to alleviate the disappointment that blighting disease brings with it? who would not mourn to see the pale and sickly hue of her complexion, so little corresponding with the opening prospects of life. For three years Ann had endured excruciating pains; her brother had been her solace and her support; at length the disease wore a milder form, she gradually recovered a degree of health; but only recovered to be a cripple! Isabelle fully believed that her blandishments had atoned for her offence. Moreton was as devoted as ever, and all seemed forgotten. The next morning Mrs. Selwyn said, "Alice, you must amuse yourself this morning without Isabelle. I have preparations to make for Charles, and must take her with me; we must new furnish his room. I would not have him return, and find things just as he left them." Alice begged they would not think of her; at the same time she thought how disappointed she should be when she returned home, to find any thing altered in her own room.

They had scarcely been gone an hour, when the servant

came up, and said Mr. Moreton was below. Alice immediately went down. "I hope," said he, as she entered, "you were not very seriously engaged, for I came to request half an hour's conversation with you." Alice seated herself with some trepidation; there was a seriousness that embarrassed her. "You must have thought me," said he, "unnecessarily sensitive, perhaps, irritable, last evening." "No," replied she, "I did not; I could not be surprised at your feelings; and yet," added she, speaking with effort, "to Isabelle, who sees just as clearly as a stranger, the imperfections and follies of those around her, there is certainly something very trying in the ludicrous efforts that her mother often makes to be agreeable." "It is not of Isabelle, or her mother that I want to talk with you; but of my sister. The sympathy you have felt for her did not want words to express it; and, I am confident that the subject will not be tedious to you." "O no," said Alice; thinking he meant to talk with her about the secret engagement with Charles, which he had probably discovered, and perhaps regretted. "I want you to know Ann better than you can possibly do from seeing her here or in company; when she first grew up, her prospects were as fair as those of Isabelle or yourself; there was a gaiety and playfulness about her that led her sometimes into danger, particularly as I was her constant playmate and companion; and the sports of boys are often beyond the strength of girls. Perhaps she early received some injury; we were not sensible of it, however, at the time; alarming complaints came on, we consulted the most approved and skilful practitioners; the remedies were as torturing as the disease; at that time Charles Selwyn wished me to accompany him abroad. I resolutely declined, and spent my days and nights by the bedside of my sister; for hours she was compelled to lie in one posture; when she was free from extreme pain her mind was bright and clear, and she enjoyed hearing me read; but there were times—God of heaven! what have I not seen her suffer! It was a hard trial," said he, after a pause, "for a creature so young, so full of life, so ardent in pursuit, to learn submission. It was not the least of my sufferings to see her mind laboring to break the chains that bound it; the strife was long and fearful; at last, however, it ceased, and, my poor Ann was restored to what you see; never shall I forget the first spring morning that she was permitted to breathe the open air. I carried the dear invalid in my arms to a little arbor in the garden, where we used to resort in earlier days. She stood leaning on my arm and gazing on every object around, with an intensity that alarmed me; there seemed something unearthly in her pallid face and sparkling eye; 'Let us return,' said I, 'to the house.' She raised her finger like one in the act of listening; I partook of her emotions, and listened with her. I will not dwell on the moment; I could not now make myself understood. I knelt and clasped my arms around her; I held her as if she was about to be taken from me." Again the brother paused. "She reclined on the sofa that was placed in the arbor for her; I left her to give vent to my emotions; they were overpowering. When I returned she lay sleeping as tranquil as an infant; her emaciated and almost transparent fingers slightly pressing a pencil she still held, and her little memorandum book lying open by her side. I transcribed from it the lines she had just been writing." He took them from his pocket-book and gave them to Alice. "I have never shown them to any one before," said he; "Ann is no poet; but they explain the state of mind that had so deeply affected me, and therefore are most dear."

"I feel the breezes round me play,
Like morning dreams at break of day,
Methinks the long, long night has past,
And peaceful slumbers come at last!
The fleecy clouds, how calm they lie,
On the blue ocean of the sky;
And every leaf, and every flower,
Seems born to welcome this glad hour!
Why stand I here in silence bound,
And listen to the music round,
As if there fell upon my ear,
A voice that others e'en not hear—
It comes, it comes, I hear it say,
'Anna, thy griefs have passed away!'"

"Perhaps you will not be surprised when I now say, that this dear sister's happiness and comfort are nearest my heart. Isabelle, in all her brilliancy and beauty, has never for a moment weakened the tie; it is this that must account to you for this conversation. Ann, who is feelingly alive to any sympathy, already loves you; cherish her friendship, and give yours in return; the affection of two innocent and youthful hearts will receive the blessing of heaven."

Alice's tears had hardly ceased to flow, when the sound of Isabelle's voice was heard on the stairs. She started up alarmed. "Why should you go?" said Moreton calmly; "sit still, I pray you." She seated herself, and took up the book that she had left on the sofa the evening before.

Isabelle entered and looked unaffectedly surprised. "You here!" said she. "I passed you in the carriage; did you not know I was out?"—"The servant told me so," replied he, "and I inquired for Miss Jones."—"Indeed!" exclaimed she, throwing herself into a chair; "I dare say she was happy to entertain you; Alice is a sentimentalist; she looks sentimental this morning; have you been reading to Mr. Moreton?—what book have you there?"—"It is Bryant's Poems," said Alice opening it. "Miss Jones is a great admirer of poetry," said Isabelle, in a sarcastic voice.—"I certainly am a great admirer of poetry like this," said Alice, with spirit.—"Don't you like it, Isabelle," said Moreton.—"I don't know any thing about it," replied she, "I believe somebody copied the Water-fowl into my album."—"In my opinion," said Alice, with enthusiasm, "it is such poetry that ought to be a model for our writers; it is not merely its beautiful and natural imagery, but its high strain of moral sentiment; its elevation and power of thought; who can read the *Thanatopsis*, and not wish to live, that he may approach his grave, 'Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.' Upon my word," said Isabelle, "you are a real blue stocking. I think Mr. Moreton can do no less than get up a blue stocking club, and make you presidentess."—"I never understood that epithet exactly," said Alice, "though you have often honored me with it; pray, explain it to me."—"It means," said Moreton, "to designate literary ladies."—"O no," exclaimed Isabelle, "not really literary ladies, only pretenders to literature and the fine arts."—"If Miss Jones is to be Presidentess of such a club," said Moreton, "I hope she will make me her Secretary."—"You certainly deserve to be prime minister," said Isabelle, rising, "and I will leave you to settle preliminaries."—"You are not going," said Moreton, laughing, and perhaps a little flattered at her evident jealousy; "this is too unjust both to Miss Jones and myself;" and he turned to Alice, but she had disappeared. We will not say that he preserved the exact line that justice prescribed; perhaps, when he found the fair idol could not be appeased without a sacrifice; he might have tacitly admitted or rather did not contradict her assertion, that Alice was a blue stocking. Moreton, however, was not a man to be enslaved; he admired the beauty of Isabelle, and felt the fascinations she could at times exert. He certainly had all proper encouragement, but he still pondered and doubted, and said to himself, "When a man marries, it is for life!" The diamond ring, however, appeared to be a decisive proof of what his intentions were.

When the two ladies again met, Isabelle said, "Indeed, Alice, you are unreasonable at the hint I gave you on the subject of blue stockings. Moreton, as well as every other gentleman, has a perfect abhorrence of this class of females. He told me so, after you left the room."—"It is perfectly indifferent," said Alice, with a heightened colour and a voice of emotion that expressed any thing but indifference, "what Mr. Moreton's opinion may be."—"That's naughty, my love, as mamma says; it is important to a young lady to be well thought of, if she ever expects to connect herself eligibly; every gentleman thinks, and Moreton among them, that making a judicious custard is more appropriate to a female than a judicious observation."—"And pray, Miss Selwyn," said Alice, with something of the same spirit that animated her opponent; "does not Mr. Moreton think good temper even more necessary than either?" There was a pointedness of manner, that, for once, leveled Isabelle with her own weapons, and she was silent. It must not be supposed that this state of warfare was perpetual. Youth has its gay and generous feelings with every character; its seasons of confidence, when the heart seeks to communicate its overflowing happiness. At such moments Isabelle could be amiable and kind; and Alice, who only desired kindness, forgot the acrimony that too often preceded it. There was a piquancy in Miss Selwyn's character that gave peculiar zest to her good humor; it must be acknowledged that it was titful and ruse, and flashed like the aurora borealis; every one feared to destroy this brightness, which experience taught them was transient; and the feeling spread an apprehensiveness on all around. Her sunshine formed a striking contrast to that unclouded ray which illumined the mind of Alice. Often, by a sudden reverse of temper, Moreton was thrown upon Alice for conversation, while Isabelle answered only by monosyllables.

But the day anticipated at length arrived, and Mrs. Selwyn had the happiness of embracing her son. He returned improved in his appearance and polished in

his manners; and even Mrs. Selwyn doubted whether she could consent to his marrying Ann Moreton; but, then, her fortune, her family, the double connexion; yes, she really wished it might take place. "Alice," said Isabelle, "tell me honestly, how do you like Charles?"—"He is handsome; but, how can I judge by only seeing him once."—"Take care of your heart; I warn you not to be too much captivated with this brother of mine."—"There is no danger," said Alice; "your mother has already let me into the secret of his engagement."—"What do you think of the match?"—"I think," said Alice, "if he marries Ann Moreton, he will prove his own disinterested love of excellence."—"Including her splendid fortune?"—"I did not think of that," said Alice.—"My mother does, I imagine," replied Isabelle.—"Do you think her brother has any idea of the engagement?" asked Alice.—"Not the least," said Isabelle.—"What a shock it will be to him!" said Alice, involuntarily.—"Then you think," said Isabelle, "he feels pretty sure of her fortune if she does not marry?"—"No, indeed, that was not my meaning."—"What was it then?"—"Really, Isabelle, I wish you would not cross question me, as if I were in a court of justice. I only speak from my own impression of character, and it may be very erroneous; but, I shall be surprised if Ann marries at all."—"You think engagements, then, may be easily broken?"—"I think there are circumstances that may dissolve them; and it seems to me that in this case—however, I will not hazard an opinion."—"Remember, Alice," said Isabelle, "this is a secret—you are not to hint it to a human being, not to the parties themselves, or to acknowledge you ever heard it before."—"Only think of my being seized with such a fit of laughing, the other evening," continued Isabelle, who was in a happy humor; "didn't you pity me, Alice?"—"I was extremely sorry."—"So was I; Moreton was in a rage; for once, mamma hit the right nail on the head, in her hint about hysterics; but the idea was extremely ridiculous, was not it, of turning poor Charles into a crutch?"—"I thought only of poor Ann," said Alice; "and I felt no disposition to laugh."—"I am sure," said Isabelle, "I am as sorry for her as any body can be; but, as for ever taking any pleasure in her society, I never can; it is always disagreeable to me to be with her; the truth is, I don't like the society of unfortunate people; and I believe it is the case with every body else, only they have not independence enough to own it. Now, honestly Alice, don't you think so?"—"I think you are about half right," said Alice; "that is, it is unpleasant to be with people whose misfortunes we cannot alleviate, and stand a chance of making more uncomfortable by some unlucky observation, that we are always sure to stumble upon. But, Ann Moreton is wholly the reverse of this; she speaks with frankness of her situation; converses cheerfully on every subject; enjoys society, and is grateful for every attention and every act of kindness. However, I think Ann communicates much more than she receives, for the powers of her mind are in perfect exercise; and I cannot but believe that Providence permits the good and patient to suffer, as examples to others."—"How presumptuous you are," said Isabelle, turning up her eyes with mock gravity, "to tell what Providence means. But, a truce to this; remember you are not to hint about the engagement."—"I am sure," thought Alice, "there never was a secret more unsought for or unwished; would I had never heard it; it is all that makes Ann seem to me like a mere market; but, that she should engage herself without her brother's knowledge, and such a brother! and persevere in her concealment; even now, if she dissolves the engagement, she will recover more than half of my good opinion."

Charles Selwyn possessed a large share of his sister's beauty, with less pride, but not less irritability. Indeed, their education, or, perhaps, it were more just to say, their want of education, had wonderfully nurtured the faults of their character. They were equally self-willed and resolute in their own purposes; their mother had managed them by stratagem and bribes; and she still continued her operations, though they had outgrown the petty deceptions her mind was ingenious enough to suggest. The double marriage of the Moretons with her own children, had long been a favorite project; nor was there any thing improbable in this event, while Ann was blooming and gay. Little attentions had passed between the young people, and Mrs. Selwyn had confidently said, "We shall one day have a double marriage;" but the idea had long passed from Ann and her brother's mind; though, as her health gradually returned, the hope still tenaciously clung to the mother's.

The evening of Charles' arrival was pleasantly passed by the family circle; Moreton, perhaps, from the fear of intrusion, did not join them; indeed, Alice could not but observe he was less constant in his visits; and it sometimes occurred to her that Isabelle might draw the ligature so tight that it would break asunder. The young traveler was full of information; he had passed the preceding winter at Paris, and had all the usual topics of interest to Americans. Alice joined in the conversation, and seemed to attract him by the spirit of her observations. When she retired, he was left alone with his sister. "Who is this little Alice?" said he. "She is a protegee of my mother's; I know as little of her as you do as to origin."—"She is one of the prettiest little daisies I have seen a long while," said he. "You don't think her handsome?" asked Isabelle. "No, not actually handsome, but something more taking than beauty. She is just the kind of woman I like; bright and animated, yet calm and tranquil. I long to lay my head in her lap!"—"Yes, and I can tell you," said Isabelle, "you would be shorn of your locks Sanson-like. These placid women are the most dangerous in the world!"—"I have no doubt of it," replied he, laughing, "if they ever explode. Now you, Isabelle, are like one of the burning mountains that are all the time threatening; but upon my honor," added he, seeing her color rising, "I think you are ten times handsomer than when I went away—what a sensation such a woman as you are would create abroad!"—"Are you serious?"—"No doubt of it. You would set crowned heads by the ears!" Isabelle looked as if she was doubtful whether he was laughing at her or not; but he did not give her time to solve the matter, as he added, "How go on your affairs? Is Moreton to be the happy man?"—"I presume now you have come home," said Isabelle, "we are to have a double wedding."—"What do you mean," said Charles "by that?"—"Why, mother has set her heart upon your marrying Ann Moreton."—"You are not serious?"—"But I am, though."—"Did not you write me that she was at the point of death?"—"True, but she did not die."—"Then you wrote again that she would be lame for life."—"It is all true," said Isabelle, titting; "she can't walk a step without a crutch."—"And what, in the name of common sense, does my mother mean?"—"Why, that is the very thing," said Isabelle. "It is because she wants a crutch that she is to take you—the matter is all settled—mother proposed it to Moreton the other night, and so you have only to be a good boy, and do as mamma bids you. But the droll part of the business is, that mother has confided the secret to the *daisy* in strict confidence."—"Do speak plain English, for I really can't tell what you mean."—"Then in so many words; when she found you were coming home, she took it in her head that her protegee might lay plans to entrap you, and so she just told her of the secret engagement."—"What a silly plan!"—"As to the folly or wisdom of it, I have nothing to do with either. You know mamma has been all her life contriving. But now tell me who is this young Frenchman that you say you must notice—"—"Is that your sort," said the brother laughing; "take care, Isabelle—he is a gay, pleasant fellow, but a mere flirt-stick to Moreton!" Such was the first hour's communion of the brother and sister, after a three year's absence!

There is nothing that oftener defeats its own purposes than cunning. As all vices contain the seeds of physical and moral decay, so every obliquity of principle and design eventually consummates its own failure. Mrs. Selwyn's secret had taken from Alice a very natural reserve. She conversed with Charles with more ease, from knowing the circumstances of his engagement; his letters had made her acquainted previously to their meeting, and they entered at once on an intercourse frank and cordial. The young man found a resource in Alice, for the want of intellect in the mother, and the want of good temper in the sister.

A new character had been introduced by the return of Mr. Selwyn to the family circle. This was a young Frenchman, Mons. Renard. No one could have come more opportunely to relieve the ennui that constantly took possession of Isabelle. She possessed not one resource that she could positively turn to account; her reading was confined to novels; she had gone through the really interesting ones that are to be found in a circulating library; had read the *Waverley* novels till she could almost say them by heart, and had taste and intellect enough to be disgusted with the trash that forms the list of a catalogue. Renard united in himself various talents; he could write verses and charades; fold billets into every variety of form; build card houses

till they rose like a second Babel; danced superbly; was an excellent judge of female costume; possessed a little wit, a little sentiment, and a great deal of gallantry. Moreton could not possibly cope with such a competitor—not that Isabelle did not mean to bestow her hand upon him eventually, but her time, her thoughts, and her smiles were for the present conferred upon the Parisian. Moreton beheld this coalition with more philosophy than might have been expected from a lover; and often, when Alice passed an hour with Ann, seemed perfectly indemnified for the mortification he experienced with Isabelle, by joining their innocent and tranquil pursuits. It is not easy to carry on any combination without giving visible signs of mystery. Charles's imaginary engagement with Ann Moreton was a constant source of amusement to himself and sister. Isabelle often led her mother to the subject, and she never failed to observe how slight an objection her present state of health was to forming an eligible connexion. Charles invariably assented, and the sister exerted all her powers of ridicule (and they were not slight) to make the subject a source of diversion; and, at the same time, led her mother to suppose the match was in forwardness. The consequence was, that whenever Ann's name was mentioned, glances were interchanged, and often a half suppressed smile passed between them. Moreton, tremblingly alive to all that concerned his sister, at length detected one of those glances; he would not, however, he could not, believe that any one could be so barbarous as to make her an object of ridicule; and he rejected the suspicion as unworthy of himself. Soon after Ann observed, "How I long to see Alice Jones; are you going this evening, brother, to Mrs. Selwyn's?" "Yes, I am," replied he; "the weather is pleasant; why won't you go with me? I will order the carriage, if you are not disposed to walk." "No," answered she; "I cannot go there; but if you could spare enough time to bring Alice to see me, it would give me great pleasure." "That I will willingly do," said he; "only that I think the excursion might be of service to you; you will probably find a pleasant circle; and the young Frenchman, Charles's friend, is very amusing." "No," said Ann, in a melancholy tone, "I had rather not go there." There was an emphasis laid on the word *there* that struck her brother. "But why, my dear Ann," said he; "they are always happy to see you. Mrs. Selwyn certainly is as eager in expression of interest as you can desire. Isabelle gives you all the time she can spare from her own charms; Charles is frank hearted and cordial, and Alice—but I need not say to you what she is." "Indeed, you need not," said Ann, with energy, "I love her like a sister. I have an idea, brother, she is not happy at Mrs. Selwyn's. I know she only remains there because her parents think she is under great advantages. Don't you think it would do for me to invite her to come and make me a visit?" "To be honest, Ann, I think it would occasion unpleasant feelings in the Selwyn family." "Then I would not do it for the world, brother, for your sake." "Thank you, Ann—but come, dear, put on your shawl and go with me." She still declined, with so much pertinacity, that Moreton became convinced she had reasons beyond mere disinclination to going out. "If you will not go," said he, "I will bring Alice to see you; I am sure she will come—but to be honest, I shall lose half of my attraction." "What would Isabelle say if she heard that speech," said Ann, her eyes sparkling with pleasure; "it is so selfish in me to refuse going when you urge it, that I am tempted to tell you my reasons." "No, Ann, don't tell me; you may have reasons as thick as blackberries, and yet not think any of them worth mentioning. I will go this minute." "Stay, brother," said Ann; "it is such a trifle that I don't like to mention it, and yet I had better, or you will think it more than it is. Sit here by me, and let me talk. When I first recovered health and freedom from suffering, I felt no sensation but happiness. I forgot my altered appearance; I forgot—I may as well learn to speak it—my deformity; the world was full of gladness; I saw beauty and proportion in every object; all seemed to me fair; all created in the image of its maker; the gnarled and withered oak added beauty to the landscape; my heart was full of rejoicing!" "I remember it well, Ann," said Moreton, putting his arm round and drawing her close to him. "Oh!" exclaimed she, "it was like that glorious moment when the sons of God rejoiced, and the stars shouted aloud and sang for joy! But when I began to mingle with society, I felt that I was changed; strangers gazed on me with curiosity; friends with compassion;—there was a deep and deadly struggle, but that, too, passed

away, and I grew resigned. I think, brother, I have never repined, or indulged a suspicious temper." "Never, Ann, never." "Then you will not suspect me of it now, brother, when I say that I am fully convinced my misfortunes are, for some cause or other, a source of amusement to Isabelle and her brother." Moreton hastily arose; the perspiration started from his forehead; he recollected his own suspicions—the deepest anguish was depicted on his countenance. "Dear brother," said Ann, "you feel this much more keenly than I do; it does not make me unhappy, but for their sakes, as well as my own, I will not obtrude myself into their presence. God has seen fit to send these calamities upon me; to convert this once goodly frame into what it now is; yet still it is the temple of his spirit; as such I will reverence it; I will protect it from indignity, and when dust returns to dust there will be no distinction between that and Isabelle." "Ann, my dear Ann," said Moreton, gazing upon her with an expression of love and reverence, "I solemnly declare I would not exchange you as you are now, for Isabelle with all her pride of beauty." "Then I have nothing more to ask for; and now go, brother, and bring Alice."

When Moreton entered the drawing room at Mrs. Selwyn's, he found Charles and Alice conversing by the window which opened upon the piazza, and Isabelle and Renard seated on the sofa cutting paper into every variety of form. "I am glad you have come," said Isabelle. "We are inventing mammetts—is not that quite enchanting," added she, holding up a feathered arrow. "How is dear little Ann this evening?" Moreton often used this epithet when speaking of his sister, and it was rather one of affection; but in the present state of his mind it added to his irritability, and he coldly replied "She is as well as usual." "I declare, Mr. Moreton," said Isabelle, "you are so altered of late that I don't know you. Do, Alice, come and tell me if this is really Frank Moreton." "I hope," said he, "Miss Jones will have no doubt on the subject, as I am commissioned by my sister to run away with her. She sent me to ask you to pass the evening with her?" "I will go with pleasure," said Alice, promptly. "Moreton," said Isabelle, "do you know to-morrow is my birth day?" "I did not know it," replied he. "It is," said she, "and the very last I ever mean to celebrate—it is sweet nineteen; then comes the dismal twenties, and they must take care of themselves; I shall do nothing for them." "Come, Mr. Moreton," continued she, assuming a smile and expression that she had often found irresistible, "what are you going to do for me? Mr. Renard has promised me a madrigal, and I must have something appropriate from you." "I can think of nothing more appropriate at present," said Moreton, "than a paper of bon-bons!" From Renard such an offering would have been perfectly in character; but Isabelle understood the sarcasm intended. "Upon second thought, I can't admit such a gloomy looking gentleman to my fete. I shall depend on Monsieur Renard for my amusement." Moreton bowed in token of submission, and Renard in token of delight. Isabelle felt vexed because Moreton discovered no vexation. She set it down, however, to self-command. "My sister will be impatient for you," said Moreton, addressing Alice. "May I hope you will go now?" She immediately arose. "Stay where you are, Frank," said Charles, "and I will wait upon Miss Jones." "Excuse me," replied Moreton, "I received my commission from my sister, and I prefer executing it." Alice went to equip herself for the walk—Isabelle sat whispering to Renard. "What right," said Charles, in a half angry tone, addressing Moreton, "have you to rob me of my fair Alice?" "Your Alice," repeated Moreton; and then recollecting himself, said, "none, except by the right of her own will." "You promise," said Isabelle to Renard. Renard answered in a low voice. "Adieu, then," said Isabelle, who had collected a few phrases from her French grammar, "jusque au revoir;" and she presented her fair hand—he bowed low upon it, and disappeared. At this moment Alice entered. As they left the room, Isabelle said, "Mr. Moreton, shall we see you again this evening?" "I believe I am engaged," replied he. "O, so am I, upon second thought," and she turned haughtily away.

Alice tried to converse cheerfully on their way, but Moreton appeared to have an unusual weight upon his spirits. Once or twice he was on the point of mentioning the conversation he had just had with his sister, but there was a sensitiveness in his feelings that made him shrink from making her misfortunes the subject of discussion. At length he said, "Do you think Miss Selwyn will be at home this evening, if I return?" "I believe so," replied Alice. "And alone?" added he.

"I know of nobody that will be there," said she. "Charles's friend mentioned that he was going to the theatre this evening." "I think, then," replied Moreton, "I will leave you at the door, and return again. I wish to see Isabelle alone; it is time we understood each other. I will be back in season to see you home." "Don't let it be late then," said Alice, "for I have promised Isabelle to do something for her before I go to bed." They parted at the door, and Moreton returned; he entered Mrs. Selwyn's house without ringing, and went into the room where he had left Isabelle; the lamps were burning, but no one there; the sound of voices on the piazza attracted his attention; and, fully determined, if Isabelle was not alone, to retreat unseen—he listened to ascertain. Isabelle was speaking: "It is really disinterestedness in me," said she, "to urge you to comply with mamma's plan, for you know if Ann don't marry, in all probability Frank will have the whole of her fortune." Moreton stood nailed to the spot. "Poh! Isabelle, it is too ridiculous; it may do for a joke," said Charles, "but you can't seriously suppose I would marry a woman that is not only a cripple, but deformed!" "I should perfectly agree with you," said Isabelle, "if you were obliged to comply with mamma's idea, and turn into a crutch; but the truth is, you may furnish the fair bride with two crutches, and scamper away on your own legs as fast as you please—one thing you are sure of," added she, laughing, "she can't run after you. As to what you say of Alice,——" At her name Moreton started; there was a strange confusion in his thoughts; his first idea, however, was to quit the hated spot; he rushed down the stairs, and left the house unseen; his blood was boiling; the image of his gentle, suffering sister, only served to increase the tumult of his spirits; he entered a hotel near, called for a pen and ink, and wrote a note to Charles Selwyn, requesting to see him immediately on business. The note found him still on the piazza, full of the reckless gaiety of health and spirits, planning with Isabelle ambitious schemes for the future. As soon as he read the note, he repaired to the place appointed, wholly unconscious why he was summoned. Moreton met him with every feature convulsed with anguish. "When I tell you," said he, "that I have accidentally heard the conversation that took place on your piazza this evening, which related to my sister, you may perhaps comprehend why I wished to see you." "And what right," said Selwyn, "had you to listen to that or any other conversation which was meant to be private?" "The right it is not now a time to question: it is an explanation I demand, and a promise that you will never again insult her by using her name." "My dear fellow," said Charles, "you take this matter much too seriously. I am truly sorry you overheard our foolish jesting, because I know, with your quizzical feelings, it must have given you pain; but upon my honor I have the highest respect for your sister. All our bantering arose from a foolish plan of my mother's, that Isabelle communicated to me when I first returned. Now don't look as if you would eat me alive—it was merely that we should make a double marriage in the family, and exchange sisters." "Mr. Selwyn," said Moreton, "there can be no better opportunity than the present to inform you, and through you, your mother, that from henceforth, I have no claims whatever on Miss Selwyn." "You are not serious?" said Charles; "you surely do not mean to break your engagements with her?" "I am perfectly so: I shall immediately write to Miss Selwyn, and relieve her from all engagements, if, indeed, she fancies any exist between us." "If she fancies!" exclaimed Charles, vehemently. "Let me tell you, sir, such conduct is not to be borne. You must not hope to escape in this way: if you have been trifling with my sister, you must answer it to me." "I will voluntarily explain to you," said Moreton, with calmness, for they appeared now to have exchanged situations, "what my feelings have been towards Miss Selwyn: When I first became interested in her, I fully believed we were congenial to each other. I am now fully convinced we are not." "And you think it honorable to engage a young lady's affections, and then find out you are not congenial?" "No, if I had succeeded in gaining her affections, I should feel myself bound even though I was perfectly convinced we were uncongenial. But my conscience acquits me on that score. Monsieur Renard has the same claim that I have." "Ah," said Charles, his countenance brightening, "I begin to understand this matter; it is jealousy, my dear fellow, jealousy that has taken hold of you; a disorder more fatal in its ravages than the cholera; and I predict that you will recover from it: Isabelle is merely amusing herself with

the agreeable Frenchman.' 'You are mistaken,' replied Moreton; 'I tell you honestly, that, before your arrival, I had nearly come to this conclusion. Renard has nothing to do with it.'

'Then I tell you as honestly,' said Charles, 'that you are mistaken.' 'What?' said Moreton, looking steadily at him. 'It is boyish to call names,' replied Charles; 'you must settle this matter with me in another way.'

'If you mean by fighting,' said Moreton, contemptuously, 'I tell you truly, that when I first summoned you to this spot, it was with the idea of washing out with your blood or my own, the unprovoked indignity offered to my sister; but my own views have changed on this subject; what I at first thought was atrocity in you, I perceive was heartless levity. I know my sister's principles, and love her too well to inflict upon her pure and elevated mind a wound like this. If we fight, either you or I must fall, or our contest may justly be derided as boys' play. I have subdued my indignation so far as not to fight for my own sister, and you may depend upon it,' added he, a slight expression of contempt passing over his face; 'I shall not for yours.'

'Then,' exclaimed Selwyn, 'I will post you as a coward!'

'You will not,' said Moreton, calmly.

'What shall prevent me?' said Selwyn.

'Your own conscience,' replied he, with firmness. 'You know the contrary. Look at this scar,' added he, baring his temple.

Charles gazed for a moment; a sudden revulsion of feeling came over his versatile mind. 'I remember it well,' said he. 'Yes, Harry, I never shall forget how courageous you stepped forward, when an impudent Frenchman, whom I meant to chastise, had laid me prostrate. He was twice as strong as you were, but you fought like a Dragon. It is the scar of a brave man,' added he, bowing low, but in a playful manner. 'I honor it. Upon the whole, Moreton, we had better make the best of this matter; forgive and forget. Isabelle is a little of a coquette, I grant; but she is a fine girl, and will not go a begging; she is able to maintain her ground, and need not interrupt our long friendship;' and he held out his hand.

Moreton drew back. 'No,' he replied; 'the unfeeling manner in which my sister has been treated, I never can forget. It is not merely the conversation I have overheard to-night to which I allude; her gentle spirit has long silently borne the meaning glance, the ironical smile, and allusions that added poignancy to the calamity that heaven has laid upon her. Because she did not resent, perhaps you and your sister imagined that she did not feel—but it was for my sake that she bore all! No,' added he, striving to suppress his emotion, 'I can not accept your offered hand. Farewell—when we meet it must be by accident.'

He turned hastily away, and left Charles standing alone. That night Isabelle received the following letter.

'To Miss Selwyn—When you are informed that I was the unwilling auditor of a conversation that passed between your brother and yourself this evening, you can not be surprised that I withdraw all claims, if you have considered me as having any. I deem you perfectly free as relates to myself. You are at liberty, should there be any surmises injurious to a lady's pride, to represent this matter as is most agreeable to your feelings. Let me request of you, when some other plot is formed for the amusement of your family, to choose some other name than MORETON.'

'What a hardened villain!' exclaimed Isabelle, trampling the letter under foot. 'I have long seen he wished to get off—what a mean, low way he has taken!'

'Brother,' said she to Charles, who at that moment entered, 'read this precious epistle.'

'It contains nothing new to me,' said he. 'I have had an interview with Moreton.'

'I hope,' replied she, 'you treated him with the contempt he deserved.'

'Why, yes,' said Charles, 'I believe I did; but somehow or other I don't think I made any great figure, and yet I offered to fight him.'

'Did you,' said Isabelle, her eyes sparkling; 'you are a dear soul. What did he say?'

'He said he would not fight for you.'

'A coward!' exclaimed she.

'No! Isabelle,' said Charles, 'he is no coward! I have known him from a boy; he is no coward! even his eye pierces like a dagger. But never mind; you are a fine, dashing girl, let him go, you will find enough other admirers.'

'Oh, brother,' exclaimed she, 'I hope you don't think it is because I have any fear about that, that I am so provoked, or because I have any regard for him. I have long been convinced there was no congeniality between us.'

'Then, after all, Belle,' said Charles, bursting into a laugh, 'you both agree, for he used the same expression, or one much like it.'

'I shall give mamma to understand that I have dismissed him,' said Isabelle, 'for there is no necessity for entering into particulars. What shall I say about the *crutch affair*? She will immediately begin to talk about his *idol*, and it must be confessed, in figure, Ann does resemble some of the South Sea deities!'

'For shame, Isabelle,' said Charles, his color rising. 'I am truly sorry for the whole of that affair. I recollect Ann Moreton when she had the lightness and grace of a Sylph,

and her hair curled in ringlets round her face, which was full of health and gaiety. She was the loveliest child I ever saw; and I could almost shed tears when I think of her.' And his eyes actually filled at the recollection.

'Well,' exclaimed Isabelle, 'I could cry, too, if it would do her any good, and if Moreton had behaved properly; but now, I declare, I hate them all, every one of them, and Alice Jones into the bargain.'

Isabelle found no difficulty in persuading her mother that she had dismissed Moreton. She did not, however, receive this information with her usual acquiescence, but made a spirited remonstrance upon the difficulty of pleasing her, and ended by a remonstrance upon the difficulty of pleasing her, and ended by saying, if she did not take care, she would go through the woods and pick up a crooked stick at last.

The termination of Alice's visit was much hastened by these events. Isabelle no longer disguised her aversion; but even this was less disagreeable than Charles's gallantry, and the consequent anxiety of Mrs. Selwyn. She wrote to her mother, and hinted that she had evidently become an unwelcome guest, and in a few days she was sent for home. Isabelle had a natural shrewdness of character, which led her soon to detect, under her brother's assumed indifference, a strong interest for Alice. To combat this, she exercised all the sarcasm of her powers; sneers and innuendoes were not wanting. About six months after her departure, he frankly told Isabelle that he was going to see the little Jones. 'I am sick of style and fashion,' said he; 'you dashing girls frighten a man out of matrimony.'

Isabelle communicated this intelligence to her mother. The following letter was immediately dispatched.

'My dear Mrs. Jones—I write a few lines wholly unknown to my son. Isabelle thinks he intends visiting your daughter Alice. She also thinks he has some design of marrying her. I think it but right to tell you that he has other engagements, and that neither Isabelle nor I can consent. I shall esteem it a great favor if you will not let him know of this letter, but act accordingly. With great regard, your's,

MARY SELWYN.

P.S. Best remembrance to Mr. Jones and dear Alice.'

In a few days the following answer was returned.

'Dear Madam—Should your son visit us, I shall receive him with the politeness which is his due. As to any apprehension of his breaking (on my daughter's account) his engagements, you may rest perfectly easy. Mr. Moreton and his sister have been with us the past week. You will see by the public prints that the former was united to Alice last evening. We all return your remembrances, and wish you and your son and daughter every happiness.'

ELIZABETH JONES.'

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

SCHOLARS AND ANTIQUARIANS are most generally against all reforms. This always indicates a want of genius. One never should be satisfied with what has been done, or what has been discovered. There is an endless and infinite source of knowledge and enjoyment yet unexplored. The world was wide enough three centuries and a half since for all its inhabitants; but where, or rather what would America have been at this moment, but for the restless spirit of inquiry and reform which animated the bosom of its immortal discoverer? Opinions are destined to pass away like generations; and new ones are appointed to take their places. Among individuals there are a few only who are permitted to occupy their places through all time; it is thus with human opinions, with improvements in the arts, and discoveries in science; few only of these survive their authors and their ages—and such only as are destined to keep their course with the stars to the last cycle of concluding time. There are but few names, and but few things, that in this life will inherit immortality; and the title to that inheritance seems to be so mysterious, that not half who win, ever dream of it; nor a thousandth part of those who dream, ever win it.—*Boston Statesman*.

VARIETIES.—It is public opinion that gives value to all life's ornaments. A stone dug out of the earth shining brightly, and called a diamond, has, in public opinion, a value amounting to many thousands of pounds—take away public opinion, and it is not worth a straw. Its variety gives it a value, but it is public opinion that sets value upon variety itself.

He who has not had his portion of infelicity, can not feel for his fellow creatures as he should do, nor relish life as he ought.

It is falsehood only that loves and retires into darkness. Truth delights in the day, and demands no more than a just light to appear in perfect beauty.

Petty and shuffling excuses, which satisfy vain and little minds, do but irritate generous ones, still more than the fault which they would explain away—there is no valid repentance but that which is full and sincere.

There are some vices which almost border on virtues; but meanness is of so groveling a nature, that even the other vices are ashamed of it.

BIOGRAPHY.

LOPEZ DE VEGA.

It is related in the history of the life of this great writer, that no less than eighteen hundred comedies, the production of his pen, have been actually represented on the Spanish stage. His *Autos Sacramentales*, (a kind of sacred drama,) exceed four hundred, besides which, there is a collection of his poems, of various kinds, in twenty-one volumes. He said, of himself, that he wrote five sheets per day, which, reckoning by the time he lived, has been calculated to amount to one hundred and thirty-three thousand, two hundred and twenty-five sheets. He sometimes composed a comedy in two days, which it would have been difficult for another man to copy in the same time.

John Perez de Montalban relates, that a comedy being wanted for the Carnivale at Madrid, Lopez and he united to compose one as fast as they could. Lopez took the first act, and Montalban the second, which they wrote in two days, and the third act they divided, taking eight sheets each. Montalban seeing that Lopez wrote faster than he could, says he rose at two in the morning, and having finished his part at eleven, he went to look for Lopez, whom he found in the garden looking at an orange tree that was frozen; and on inquiring what progress he had made in the verses, Lopez replied: "At five I began to write, and finished the comedy an hour ago; since which I have breakfasted, written one hundred and fifty other verses, and watered the garden, and am now pretty well tired." He then read to Montalban the eight sheets, and the hundred and fifty verses.

Lopez de Vega was twice married. His last wife bore him a son, who died at about eight years of age; the mother did not long survive the child, and this double blow fell most heavily upon this great man. His domestic happiness broken up, Lopez de Vega entered the church, with enough of religious feeling to render him an exemplary priest; but not with so much as to induce him to renounce his literary career, or even abate the ardor with which he pursued it. He was admitted into the congregation of priests, natives of Madrid. So eminent a man was considered as doing honor to the society which he had chosen; and he was very speedily elected first chaplain, in compliance to his endowments; and in testimony of the exactness with which he discharged his priestly offices. Upon the publication of his "Corona Trágica," a poem upon the death of Mary Queen of Scots, which he dedicated to Urban the Eighth; that Pontiff wrote him a complimentary letter, made him promoter Fiscal of the Reverend Apostolic Chamber; sent him the habit of St. John, and conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Theology.

He probably took orders at about forty years of age; he lived to be seventy-three; but towards the close of his life, his mind as well as body seems to have given way; abandoning himself to the Manichean superstition, he refused to eat meat when his declining health rendered it necessary, because he thought it expedient for the health of the soul, to mortify the body, and he practised self flagellation with such severity, that it is supposed to have hastened his death: after a cruel discipline of this kind, on Friday, the 22d of August, 1635, he fell ill, and expired on the Monday following.

"His death," says one of his Spanish biographers, "occasioned a universal commotion in the court, and in the whole kingdom." Many ministers, knights, and prelates were present when he expired: among others, the Duke of Sesa, who had been the most munificent of his patrons, whom he appointed his executor, and who was at the expense of his funeral; a mode by which the great in that country were fond of displaying their regard for men of letters. It was a public funeral, and it was not performed till the third day after his death, that there might be time for rendering it more splendid, and securing a more honorable attendance. The grandees and nobles who were about the court, were all invited as mourners; a *nocenary*, or service of nine days, was performed for him; at which the musicians of the royal chapel assisted; after which there were exequies on three successive days, at which three bishops officiated in full pontificals; and on each day a funeral sermon was preached by one of the most famous preachers of the age. Such honors were paid to the memory of Lopez de Vega, the most prolific, and, during his life, the most popular of all poets, ancient or modern. Whatever may be the present estimate of the talents of Lopez de Vega; particularly in other countries than his own: certain it is, no writer ever enjoyed such a full share of popularity. Cardinal Barberini, (says Lord Holland,) followed Lopez, with veneration, in the streets; the king would stop to gaze on him; the people crowded round him whenever he appeared; the learned and the studious all thronged to Madrid from every part of Spain to see this phoenix of their country; and even Italians, no extravagant admirers in general, of poetry that is not their own, made pilgrimages from their country for the sole purpose of conversing with Lopez. So associated was the idea of excellence with his name, that it grew a habit in common conversation to signify any thing perfect in its kind: and a Lopez diamond, a Lopez day, and a Lopez woman, became fashionable and familiar modes of expressing their good qualities.—*Lady's Book*.

POPULAR SELECTIONS.

CAPTAIN X—.

BY THE AUTHOR OF TRAITS OF TRAVEL.

During my career of service I have met with numbers of brave men, and a few cowards. I have seen courage and fear display themselves in various ways, and many modifications; but I never met with but one instance of a thorough mixture of audacity with politeness, of the basest faint-heartedness with presence of mind. On joining the regiment to which I exchanged, for the sake of serving in Spain, the very first of my brother officers to whom I was presented by the major commanding, was the captain of the company to which I was attached. I never was so prepossessed in favor of any one at first sight. He was a fine handsome young man, of most elegant address, full of ready wit, and apparently burning with military ardor. He was a prodigious favorite in the regiment. Nothing could exceed his attentions to me, except the pains which he took to instil a portion of his own gallant spirit into mine. The first time I went into action with this new regiment, Captain X— was unfortunately taken ill, just before our brigade was ordered to advance. He was obliged to let me lead on his company, and his regret made a deep impression on me. It appeared to me that he suffered more mental anguish than bodily, even though, I think, he specified his being desperately ill in three places. After we had succeeded in driving the enemy from a strong redoubt, the captain joined us, in great spirits and good health, all his spasms having given way to some violent habitual remedy, which he told me was either "kill or cure" with him. He almost wept at finding that the fighting was all over. We had several smart skirmishes soon after this affair. Captain X— was often in the field, but I never happened to see him through the smoke, except on one occasion, when he showed great tact in the use of a pocket-glass, with which he constantly looked out from behind a tree or a mound of earth, and gave orders with great coolness to me and the other subalterns, to advance and retreat, as occasion required.

In a storming business, when I was detached with a few men, a serious accident was near happening to Captain X—. As soon as the place was taken, and I returned to the regiment, I received a pressing request to repair immediately to him, as he feared he was at his last gasp—dreadfully wounded. I ran to his quarters, in a house just under the rampart, to which he had crawled; and I picked up the surgeon of the regiment on my way, forcing him to abandon some other patients to give his whole attention to my friend. We found him lying on a mattress, almost insensible. "What has happened? where are you hit, my dear X—?" said I. He could not speak, but placed his hand on his side. "Let me examine you, Captain X—," said the surgeon. "I have not a minute to lose—we have many others wounded, officers and men." "Ah, my dear doctor, are you there?" said the sufferer, opening his eyes for the first time. "How kind this is—but never mind me—hurry off to my poor fellow-soldiers—it is of little matter what becomes of me—I am too far gone for help—I am a dying man—yet you need not exactly say 'killed' in your report; I don't wish to shock my friends too suddenly. Merely put me down 'dangerously wounded.'" "I can put down nothing, Captain X—," till I see your wound," said the surgeon drily. "Where are you hit, sir?" "Why, as to that, my dear doctor, I really can't exactly specify—that is to say, I cannot say directly that I am absolutely hit—but—but—" "But what, sir? I am in a hurry—the life of many a brave man is risked by this delay—I cannot be trifled with," exclaimed the surgeon, with most unfeeling emphasis. "My dear fellow," resumed X—, "I am the last man in the world—the very last—" "What is your wound, Captain X—, if you are wounded at all?" peremptorily asked the surgeon. "Ah, never mind me, never mind me," replied the captain; "leave me to my fate—but spare my friends—break it gently to them—only say 'severely wounded,' and let me die!" "What is your wound, sir? Of what nature, I ask you again?" "It must, I think, have been a cannon shot—I feel my side almost battered in—that is to say, a spent shot." "Is there any mark?" "Why, no—no—not decidedly a mark—I cannot say there is a direct contusion: it might have been, in fact, the wind of a twelve pound shot, or something of that kind—you may, in short, put me down (to save the feelings of others, very dear to me) you may put me down 'slightly wounded.'" "Why really, Captain X—" "Not a word, not a word, my worthy friend—off to your duty

—go, go along—you must put me down 'slightly'—whatever you like, in short—something—anything—only pray let my name be in the list of the wounded! Not another word—good by, good by, my dear, my very dear doctor!" The doctor smiled as bitterly as though he had just swallowed a dose of rhubarb. He left the place; and to my infinite surprise, and that of the whole army, I may say, the London Gazette, which some weeks after brought us the official account of the storming, showed us the unprecedented notification, in the list of casualties, of Captain X— being "very slightly" wounded. He was the only individual of the regiment who was not thoroughly ashamed of this, and who did not feel the actual cautery of the surgeon's printed sarcasm.

I now began to know my man; and was not much surprised, at the night attack on a fortress soon after, to hear myself called loudly from the head of the company, (I occupying my post in the rear, as we advanced in subdivisions to the breach,) by Ned Flanagan, of Galway town, Captain X—'s covering serjeant. "Mr. Hartigan, Mr. Hartigan! For God's sake, your honour, come up, come up quick, and lade the company,—the captain's run away already." Every one knows what a hot affair Fuente d'Onore was—but no one took it so coolly as Captain X—. The village had been taken and retaken several times till a final charge in which our regiment bore a part, drove the enemy out, and left us in possession of the place. As we forded the river, in close column of companies, Captain X— quietly slipped behind, and took up a position among the rubbish of an old house, which afforded him a fine view of the business. The colonel by whom we were that day led on, a Scotsman, who was by hereditary right as brave as a lion, turned round suddenly to the adjutant, and asked him, "Where is Captain X—?" "Hiding under that wall, sir," answered the adjutant, pointing to the reconnoiterer. "By G—, that's too bad!" exclaimed the indignant colonel. "Gallop up to him—at him—over him—and if he does not rejoin the regiment instantly, cut him down on the spot! Now, my brave lads, on them, steadily and coolly—give them the steel, the steel, my boys, and plenty of it!" added the colonel, turning to the regiment, and quite forgetting Captain X—. But the adjutant rode fiercely up to him, and hurriedly repeated the orders he had received. "Nay, nay, my good friend," said X—, "what's the use of being so confoundedly hasty? Just let me say a few words in explanation. May I die, my dear friend, if—" "Die and be hanged!" abruptly uttered the adjutant, putting spurs to his horse, and dashing back to his post, where he had scarcely arrived, when a musket shot through both his cheeks tumbled him to the ground, and put an end to his gallant conduct for that day. As soon as we were thoroughly in for it at Salamanca, when the grape-shot began to pepper the head of the column, and the men dropped right and left, an officer of ours was seen to throw himself bodily into a dry ditch; and those who could not distinguish who it was, thought we had another brave fellow knocked over. But those who identified Captain X—, were quite satisfied that he was in safe quarters. As soon as the business of that hard fought day was well and thoroughly done, we had ceased firing, and were charging after the broken enemy, when an officer was dimly observed through the smoke that was clearing off, about fifty yards in front of our line, waving his hat with its long streaming feather, in one hand, and flourishing his sword in the other, cheering on the regiment, with shouts of most vociferous valour, the Arapilles echoing to his cry. A roar of laughter burst along the line, and became particularly loud when our company joined in it, for we soon recognized our resuscitated captain, and knew better than any others how to appreciate his prowess.

But his best, and, poor fellow, it was his last exploit, occurred not long after this, at the siege of a place memorable for the determination of its defence, as well as the vigor with which it was attacked and carried. The approaches of the English army were pushed on with a frightful proximity to the place; so much so, that the guns from the bastions were fired point blank at individual officers and men, who had the temerity to raise their heads above the trenches; and they were often hit from cannon of large calibre, with as dead a certainty, as though the most unerring sharpshooters had levelled at them with rifles. Our entire company was ordered down from the camp, on a working party, one fine morning, out of our turn of duty, and not a little to our surprise, to replace another which had taken its place in the trenches during the night, but

was almost annihilated soon after day break, by the terrible cannonade from the enemy's works. One of our subs was killed the day before, so that Captain X— had but myself and the ensign, a gigantic Kerryman of about twenty years old, and six feet five inches high, under his command. We were under cover, as soon as we came within range of the enemy's guns; and so hot was the fire, that not one of us felt disposed to despise the captain's example of keeping as close as possible. There were several small redoubts thrown up along the trenches, from which elevations, the officers on duty could keep a sharp eye on the men at work. I stole or rather crept into one of these, to relieve the last surviving officer of the company we replaced. He was in the act of eating a crust of bread, which his servant had procured him for breakfast; and as he was leaving his post to my occupation, he incautiously raised his head, to look at the hostile ramparts, when it was carried clean away by a twenty-four pound shot, and the body knocked several yards out of the redoubt. These were not pleasant occurrences for any man's comfort, but least of all so to one of Captain X—'s temperament. I was scarcely settled in the redoubt, when I saw him moving towards me along the trench, stooping much lower than the utmost prudence required; and he soon came crawling into the redoubt, requesting me to change places with him, and take the command of the whole party, as he wished much to sketch the bastions of the fortress; and he took out his sketch book and pencil for the purpose. I could not refuse his request, a most unlucky one for him, for had he stayed where his duty required, he had most probably escaped the catastrophe which ensued. I had not changed places with my captain five minutes, and had just stepped up on the ridge of the trench where the soldiers worked, to look about, as it was my duty from time to time to do, when the general of the day galloped up, attended by two aids-de-camp, and a couple of orderly dragoons. He was one of the bravest of the brave; too brave, indeed, as was proved by his death not long after, on a distant service unworthy of his fine talents. He, too, was an Irishman, and knew our regiment well. "Who commands this party, Mr. Hartigan?" asked he. "I do, sir," answered I. "There is a whole company here, isn't there? Who is the captain? Where is he?" were the rapid questions next put. "There is an entire company—Captain X— is the captain—he is sitting in that redoubt, sir," were my immediate answers. "Sitting in that redoubt! May he be doubly —! What is he doing there? Hark ye, sir," added he, addressing our finger-post of an ensign, "you have long legs; step out then quickly—go to that redoubt, and bring back Captain X— here instantly. Stoop, sir—stoop low—lower, I tell you, or you'll not have a head left on your shoulders." The intrepid Kerryman strode along, but cared nothing for the general's caution, and scorned the shelter of gabions or fascines. When he came to the redoubt, he summoned out the captain, repeating *verbatim* the general's speech. "What a cursed hot-headed fellow!" exclaimed X—. "Go back to him, my trusty ensign, and tell him I am taking a sketch of the first importance; I am proving the engineers to have been all wrong. Tell him the service will absolutely suffer if he disturbs me." The ensign strode back again, and delivered this message to the general, who was moving about busily, giving various orders around him. "Taking a sketch! The engineers all wrong! What an impudent scamp! D'ye hear me, sir—go back—tell your captain, once again, that I order him to come here; and if he refuses, drag him neck and heels out of the redoubt, and up to this spot." "I'll tell you what, my friend," said X—, in reply to this second summons, and hoping that while he temporized, the general would take himself off—or, possibly, that he might be taken off—"I'll tell you what—" "Don't give yourself the trouble to tell me any thing, Captain X—, but come out of this immediately, I tell you again," said the ensign. At this instant his cap, which was visible above the wall, was knocked off his head, perforated by a cannon ball. "God bless me, what a narrow escape! how very lucky that you were not three inches taller!" exclaimed the captain. "Never mind whether I'm tall or little, Captain X—," said the Kerryman, coolly clapping the shattered cap on his head again. "I'll tell you what, the short and the long of it is—if you don't come with me, quietly and by fair names, I'll drag you out of it, dead or alive—so come along, I advise you." X— finding all resistance or subterfuge to be vain, stood slowly up and followed the Kerryman along the trench; muttering that "a man's life was not safe a minute on service"

with these infernal mad-brained Irishmen; but that with persons of common discretion, one might go through a dozen campaigns, as securely as though one had never smelt powder." The enemy seeing a general officer so close, sent their missiles towards us in double quantities. One of the orderlies was literally cut across with a shot, and an aid-de-camp's horse severely struck with the splinter of a shell. Captain X—saw all this as he came forward; and by way of ending the business, and stopping the general's mouth, he held forth the little sketch book, and began some stammering sentence. "Not a word, not a word, but listen to me, sir!" said the general. "Resume your place here—do your duty—or, by heavens, I'll make you such an example as never—" Here the general was himself stopped short, by the explosion of another shell, directly over the heads of the group—and the report was instantly followed by a terrified mixture of groan and shriek from poor X—, who clasped both his hands across his breast, and with a dreadful expression of agony in his face, fell flat on his back, almost under the feet of the general's horse. "Good God, is it possible!" cried the kind-hearted general, his wrath at once appeased. "Who could have thought of his ever dying so fine a death! Well, he's gone, poor devil! He was at any rate a clever, a pleasant fellow, and a gentleman—ay, every inch, but his heart—but, he could not help that! Here, soldiers, throw one of those great coats over the body of your captain, and bear him to the camp. We could, after all, have better spared a better man." With this quotation, the general coolly trotted off with his aid-de-camp and orderly in the midst of a shower of shot and shell. The ensign and myself were too much shocked by what had passed, to think of any thing for a minute or two, but the fate of our captain, and we stood gazing after the body, as it was borne away, the limbs already stiffening before it was out of sight.

What was the astonishment of the general, who thus pronounced Captain X—'s funeral oration, on riding back to the camp about an hour afterwards, to see the identical Captain X—unharmful, unblushing, and unabashed, dressed, as was his wont, better than any man in the army; and cantering his little Arabian pony along the lines with a feather streaming from his hat nearly as long as the pony's tail! And what was my surprise when I met him the next morning! But this could not last. A significant hint was that day conveyed to him from the highest authority. The following morning brought him (he said) letters, requiring his instant return to England. He set out at once. The next Gazette announced his resignation; and as Captain X—has been ever since an ex-captain, I have nothing more to say of him.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

TRANSCENDENTAL ANATOMY.

The following remarks are extracted from a review, in the London Athenæum, of a valuable French work, recently published in Paris, entitled, "Recherches d'Anatomie Transcendante, &c. Par M. Serres. (Researches in Transcendental Anatomy: Theory of Growth and Deformity applied to explain the organization of Ritta-Christina.)"

Somewhat more than three years since all Paris was agog: a female infant, with two heads, had arrived; the whole town flocked to see it, the theatres were deserted, the opera unvisited, the bureaux empty, lectures were delivered on the subject at the Académie and the Jardin des Plantes, discussions carried on in all the journals—nothing was heard or talked of but the two-headed infant, Ritta-Christina. Unfortunately, however, the poor little being became the victim of the curiosity it had excited. Constant exhibition and exposure ill suited a frame that, from its peculiar organization, required peculiar attention and care; it languished, sunk, and died; one head expiring shortly before the other. Amongst those who had carefully observed it while living, and obtained permission to examine its body when dead, was M. Serres. He had before been engaged in the study of monstrous formations, but this examination furnished him with many new and important facts, and enabled him to reduce to a system the results of his observations. Of this system, as far as it may interest general readers, we propose giving an account. It brings order out of the most apparent irregularity; lays down the principles according to which those singular beings termed monsters, *lusus nature*, &c. are formed; and illustrates the remarkable fact, that the higher orders of animals, during their growth, pass successively through the state of other animals inferior to themselves, adopting, as it

were, *in transitu*, the characteristics that are permanently imprinted on those below them in the scale of organization. To advance at once to facts: the brain of man excels that of any other animal in complexity of organization and fullness of development. But this is only attained by slow and gradual steps. Examined at the earliest period that it is cognizable to the senses, it appears a simple fold of nervous matter, with difficulty distinguishable into three parts, while a little tail-like prolongation towards the hinder part is the only representation of a spinal marrow. Now in this state it perfectly resembles the brain of an adult fish, thus assuming, *in transitu*, the form that in the fish is permanent. In a short time, however, the structure is become more complex, the parts more distinct, the spinal marrow better marked—it is now the brain of a reptile. The change continues; by a singular motion certain parts (*corpora quadrigemina*), which had hitherto appeared on the upper surface, now pass towards the lower; the former is their permanent situation in fishes and reptiles, the latter in birds and mammalia. This is another advance in the scale, but more remains yet to be done. The complication of the organ increases; cavities, termed *ventricles*, are formed, which do not exist in either fishes, reptiles, or birds; curiously organized parts, such as the *corpora striata*, are added,—it is now the brain of the mammalia. Its last and final change alone seems wanting, that which shall render it the brain of MAN. We thus see that man considered merely as an animal, is, by his organization superior to every other being; and that, in the growth of a single individual, nature exhausts, as it were, the structure of all other animals before she arrives at this her *chef-d'œuvre*. But we have not yet done with the human brain. M. Serres has made the still more singular observation, that in the advance towards the perfect brain of the Caucasian, or highest variety of the human species, this organ not only goes through the animal transmigrations we have mentioned, but successively represents the characters with which it is found in the Negro, Malay, American, and Mongolian nations. Nay, farther, the face partakes in these alterations. One of the earliest points in which ossification commences, is in the lower jaw. This bone is, consequently, completed sooner than the other bones of the head, and acquires a predominance which, as is well known, it never loses in the Negro. During the soft pliant state of the bones of the skull, the oblong form which they naturally assume approaches nearly the permanent shape of the American. At birth, the flattened face, and broad smooth forehead of the infant, the position of the eyes rather towards the side of the head, and the widened space between, represent the Mongolian form; while it is only as the child advances towards maturity, that the oval face, the arched forehead, and the marked features of the true Caucasian become perfectly developed.* But it may be asked, what has all this to do with monsters? That we hasten to show. It appears that organs of a complex nature pass, as it were, through a series of metamorphoses, always commencing at the most simple: thus, that the brain of man was at one period fit to direct the organization of a fish, at another time that of a reptile, at a third period that of a bird, then of a quadruped, a monkey, and so on to its full perfection. Now if, at any of these periods, an *arrest of development* should take place; that is, should the brain cease to grow, from accidental pressure, from an impediment to the vessels carrying it nutrition, or any other cause, while the remaining parts of the frame progressed as usual, such child would be born with a brain unsuited to the rest of its structure, the harmonies of nature would be violated—the child would be a monster. The monstrosity, in this case, is the want of intellect. It is not usual to call an idiot a monster; but if being born with one leg, or with but three fingers, constitutes a monster, it is clear that a want of development of the brain is equally important, equally a breach of the harmonies of nature, as the want of one leg or two fingers; therefore, in the philosophic acceptance of the word, an idiot is a monster. So far, then, no new law is necessary; the simple cessation of growth produces this kind of monstrosity—monstrosity from defect. Now, to see how far this view will carry us, let us take some of the general principles of our author which serve to extend and illustrate it. We shall first give his words, and afterwards mention facts in elucidation.

"All organs develop themselves from the circumference towards the centre; all are at first symmetrical or double.

* We need only allude to the additional argument which this furnishes in favor of the unity of the human species.

The simple organs, which in animals occupy the median line, and which we denominate *unsymmetrical*, have originally been double; that is, composed of two analogous halves. These two analogous halves, advancing from without inwards, are brought to a point of contact; arrived at this point, they dovetail into one another (*s'engrenent*), unite intimately, and in such a manner, that two organic parts form but one whole. From double the organ becomes single. This last law is that of *affinity*. It is derived, as we see, from that of *symmetry*; in the same manner as this latter is but a necessary consequence from the general law of formation from the circumference towards the centre. *** No one now believes that all animal organization is developed spontaneously, and as if at a jet. It is no longer thought that organs are formed like a soap-bubble—an image so long used as an illustration. It is no longer believed that intus-susception is the only means of growth of organs. That physiology is of two ages back. *** Everything in nature undergoes continual transformations; before assuming the form at which it rests, an organ passes through a multitude of forms fugitive and transient."

To commence with the first point, which goes completely to destroy the old idea, of parts shooting one from the other as buds from a tree; let us see how far the examination of any individual organ will bear it out. The anterior extremity is seen, towards the end of the first month, as a little nipple projecting from the upper corner of the trunk. Soon we see a little hand put forth from this, still weak and imperfect; the fingers, unable to support themselves separately, because the bones are not yet formed, are held together by a continuation of the skin from one to another. This is only a transitory form here, for as bone is deposited this membrane is removed, and the fingers become distinct. But, suppose the process to be interrupted, that the removal of the membrane does not take place, and the form which was to have been transitory remains permanent,—then man is born with an organ unsuited to the rest of his structure, an organ unable to accomplish the dictates of his will—(how, for instance, could a man with a webbed hand play the piano?)—an organ, in short, belonging to an inferior order of animal, and exactly representing the fin of a whale. This explains what M. Serres means when he says, "Embryogeny reproduces comparative anatomy." But suppose the hand formed; the next thing we observe is the laying down of the fore-arm. In consequence of this the hand becomes more removed from the body; and, at a still later period, the arm being also laid down, the extremity becomes complete in all its parts.

"This order, I repeat, is constant; never do we see the thigh or the arm precede the leg and the fore-arm; never do we see the fore-arm and the leg precede the hands and the feet. Development never takes place from the centre towards the circumference."

Every one's recollection, almost, may supply facts that will bear out this assertion. Within a very few years a man has been carried about as a show in this country, who had no part of the anterior extremity developed except the hands, which were seen projecting from the points of the shoulders. Here arrest of development had taken place after the first period of growth; the hands were formed, the arm and fore-arm never. But suppose that growth had gone on through its second and third periods,—that these parts had been formed as well as, at the same time, the thigh and leg; it is clear, that the hand and foot, having had the priority in growth, would now be large out of all proportion to the remaining parts of their several extremities. Should arrest of development now occur, a monster would be produced with large head and trunk, large hands and feet, but small, disproportionately small, arms and legs. And we may now be pardoned if we refer, with renewed pride and admiration, to the creations of that mighty spirit who has so lately ceased to be amongst us. We point to the delineation of Father Elchee, in the tale of the 'Black Dwarf'; we desire our readers to compare it with what we have now stated as the unexpected result of scientific investigation; we claim for it the unquestionable merit of being true to nature—for nature (as we shall have occasion to show) is regular even in her irregularities; and we demand fresh honours for the man who, by simple observation, has anticipated the discoveries of science, and embodied in a partly fictitious narrative what future times should declare to be undoubted principles in anatomical philosophy.

Notwithstanding the deference man pays his intellect, he is governed more by his heart than his head; his reason may pronounce with a certainty, that seems to imply an impossibility of mistake, but after all, his heart will run away with the action.

PHILOSOPHY OF THE MORAL FEELINGS.—A slight degree of observation is sufficient to convince us, that such a regulated condition of the mental constitution does not exist in the generality of mankind. It is not my present purpose to inquire into the causes by which this is primarily deranged; but it may be interesting to trace some of the circumstances which bear a part in producing the derangement. In our present state of being we are surrounded with objects of sense; and the mind is kept, in a great degree, under the influence of external things. In this manner it often happens, that facts and considerations elude our attention, and deeds escape from our memory, in a manner which would not occur, were the mind left at liberty to recall its own associations, and to feel the influence of principles which are really part of the mental constitution. It is thus, that, amid the bustle of life, the attention is apt to be engrossed by considerations of a local and inferior character;—while facts and motives of the highest moment are overlooked, and deeds of our own, long gone by, escape from our remembrance. We thus lose a correct sense of moral condition, and yield to the agency of present and external things, in a manner disproportioned to their real value. For our highest concern as moral beings is with things future, and things unseen; and often with circumstances in our own moral history, long past, and perhaps forgotten. Hence the benefit of retirement and calm reflection, and of every thing that tends to withdraw us from the impression of sensible objects, and that leads us to feel the superiority of things that are not seen. Under this influence, the mind displays an astonishing power of recalling the past and grasping the future,—and of viewing objects in their true relation to itself, and to each other. The first of these, indeed, we see exemplified in many affections, in which the mind is cut off in a greater or less degree from its intercourse with the external world, by causes acting upon the bodily organization. In another work I have described many remarkable examples of the mind in this condition, recalling its old impressions respecting things long past and entirely forgotten; and the facts there stated, call our attention in a very striking manner to its inherent powers and its independent existence.

This subject is one of intense interest, and suggests reflections of the most important kind respecting the powers and properties of the thinking principle. In particular, it leads us to a period which we are taught to anticipate even by the inductions of intellectual science, when, the bodily frame being dissolved, the thinking and reasoning essence shall exercise its peculiar faculties in a higher state of being. There are facts in the mental phenomena which give a high degree of probability to conjecture, that the whole transactions of life, with the motives and moral history of each individual, may be recalled by a process of the mind itself, and placed as at a single glance distinctly before him. Were we to realize such a mental condition, we should not fail to contemplate the impressions so recalled, with feelings very different from those by which we are apt to be misled amid the influence of present and external things. The tumult of life is over;—pursuits, principles, and motives, which once bore an aspect of importance, are viewed with feelings more adapted to their true value. The moral principle recovers that authority, which, amid the contests of passion, had been obscured or lost;—each act and each emotion is seen in its relations to the great dictates of truth, and each pursuit of life in its real bearing on the great concerns of a moral being,—and the whole assumes a character of new and wondrous import, when viewed in relation to that incomprehensible one, who is then disclosed in all attributes as a moral governor. Time past is contracted into a point, and that the infancy of being;—time to come is seen expanding into eternal existence.

Such are the views which open on him who would inquire into the essence by which man is distinguished as a rational and moral being. Compared with it, what are all the phenomena of nature—what is all the history of the world, the rise and fall of empires, or the fate of those who rule them? These derive their interest from local and transient relations, but that is to exist forever. That science, therefore, must be considered as the highest of all human pursuits, which contemplates man in his relation to eternal things. With its importance we must feel its difficulties; and did we confine the investigation to the mere principles of natural science, we should feel these difficulties to be insurmountable. But in this great inquiry, we have two sources of knowledge to which nothing analogous

is to be found in the history of physical science, and which will prove infallible guides, if we resign ourselves to their direction with sincere desire to discover the truth. These are—the light of science—and the light of divine revelation. In making this statement, I am aware that I tread on delicate ground—and that some will consider an appeal to the sacred writings as a departure from the strict course of philosophical inquiry. This opinion I am satisfied is entirely at variance with truth;—and in every moral investigation, if we take the inductions of sound philosophy, with the dictates of conscience and the light of revealed truth, we shall find them to constitute one uniform and harmonious whole, the various parts of which tend, in a remarkable manner, to establish and illustrate each other. If, indeed, in any investigation in moral science, we disregard the light which is furnished by the sacred writings, we resemble an astronomer who should rely entirely on his unaided sight, and reject those inventions which extend so remarkably the field of his vision, as to be to him the revelation of things not seen. Could we suppose a person thus entertaining doubts respecting the knowledge supplied by the telescope, yet proceeding in a candid manner to investigate its truth, he would perceive in the telescopic observations themselves principles developed which are calculated to remove his suspicions. For, in the limited knowledge which is furnished by vision alone, he finds difficulties which he cannot explain, apparent inconsistencies which he cannot reconcile, and insulated facts which he cannot refer to any known principle. But in the more extended knowledge which the telescope yields, these difficulties disappear, facts are brought together which seemed unconnected or discordant; and the universe appears one beautiful system of order and consistency. It is the same with the experience of the moral inquirer, when he extends his views beyond the inductions of reason, and corrects his conclusions by the testimony of God. Discordant principles are brought together; doubts and difficulties disappear; and beauty, order, and harmony, are seen to pervade the government of the Deity. In this manner there also arises a species of evidence for the doctrines of revelation, which is entirely independent of the external proofs of its Divine origin, and which, to the candid mind, invests it with all the characters of authenticity and truth.

From these combined sources of knowledge, thus illustrating and confirming each other, we are enabled to attain, in moral inquiries, a degree of certainty adapted to their high importance. We do so when, with such sincere desire to discover the truth, we resign ourselves to the guidance of the light which is within, aided as it is by that light from heaven which shines upon the path of the humble inquirer.

Cultivated on these principles, the science is fitted to engage the most powerful mind, while it will impart strength to the most common understanding. It terminates in no barren speculations, but tends directly to promote peace on earth and good will among men. It is calculated both to enlarge the understanding, and to elevate and purify the feelings, and thus to cultivate the moral being for the life which is to come. It spreads forth to the view as a course which becomes smoother and brighter the farther it is pursued, and the rays which illuminate the path, converge in the throne of him who is eternal.

WIFE.—There is no combination of letters in the English language, which excites more pleasing and interesting associations in the mind of man, than the word **WIFE**. There is magic in this little word. It presents to the mind's eye, a cheerful companion, a disinterested adviser, a nurse in sickness, a comforter in misfortune, and a faithful and ever affectionate friend. It conjures up the image of a lovely confiding woman, who cheerfully undertakes to contribute to your happiness—to partake with you the cup, whether of weal or woe, which destiny may offer. The word **WIFE** is synonymous with the *greatest earthly blessing*; and we pity the unfortunate wight, who is condemned by fate's severe decree, to trudge along through life's dull pilgrimage without one.

PLEASURE.—They who practice abstemiousness and frugality, have a higher relish of pleasure, and are less affected with pain, than those who are the most diligent and assiduous in the pursuit of delight and indulgences.—*Socrates.*

True pleasure is only found in the union of what charms the heart as well as the senses, and leaves behind no regret.—*De la Fite.*

LITERARY INQUIRER.

EDITED BY W. VERRINDER.

BUFFALO, TUESDAY, OCT. 8, 1833.

COMMON SCHOOLS.—“*And knowledge shall increase.*” —“That the soul be without knowledge, it is not good,” is a maxim so self-evident, that, were it not a matter of scriptural record, we might set it down as an incontrovertible truth, and reckon it our duty immediately and practically to illustrate the principles which it involves. The evils of ignorance are, indeed, so numerous, palpable, and destructive, as obviously to make it incumbent on every real lover of his species, to use his best endeavors to promote the universal spread of literature and science. Accordingly we find that there is no subject to which greater attention has been paid, or on which a larger number of valuable treatises has been written, than that of education. It has secured the attention and employed the pens of some of the most distinguished men who have ever lived—including warriors, statesmen, and philosophers; by whom it has been treated as a matter of national and supreme importance; and whose edicts, laws, and dissertations are evidently based on the principle, that “the prevalence of knowledge augments the glory of empire.” In New-York, and several other states, such munificent provision has been made for the education of the young, that not a single child need remain destitute of an acquaintance with at least the rudiments of learning. It is to be feared, however, that, owing to the incapacity of the teachers employed by those whose duty it is to inspect them, the system of instruction in many of our common schools is not sufficiently comprehensive, nor the mode of tuition precisely that which would command the approbation of experienced and intelligent men. To render the recipients of their benefits, what it is designed to make them, an “educated people,” the system adopted in our public seminaries should embrace some of the higher branches of learning; and might, indeed, with advantage to the country at large, include participation in the great and glorious discoveries in the various sciences, which have been made by those modern philosophers, who, availing themselves of the inductive mode of investigation so ably propounded by the immortal Bacon, have explored the most hidden recesses of nature, and brought to light stores of knowledge which had remained concealed from the foundation of the world. The remuneration of the teachers, also, should be on so liberal a scale as to make it an object with intelligent and well-qualified persons to engage in the work. The subject on which we have thus ventured to offer a few remarks, is one of so great importance as to demand more than a passing notice; and, as considerations of a political nature commend themselves more readily to the regard of most men, we would request an attentive perusal for the following enumeration of the political advantages conferred by the general diffusion of useful knowledge. They are from the pen of a correct and eloquent writer, whose productions, as they are not so extensively known as they deserve to be, we shall occasionally make tributary to the instruction and entertainment of our readers.

“An educated community commands the homage of surrounding nations, kindles the spirit of emulation, and awakens a desire to walk in its light; and while the favor of intolerant governments will be rarely coveted, its smile will be earnestly sought. Mighty intelligence, as well as arms, such a people convey a sense of awe to all who behold them, and though often surveyed, are seldom invaded; they are terrible when at rest, but when roused, resemble the ocean in its might: their majesty is seen from afar, and the spirit of hostility is allayed, and the encroachments of power are retarded; inasmuch as the adversary must grapple with mind as well as with men, and contend with thought as well as with sword. The benefits of education, therefore, spread over a land, constitute its brightest ornaments and its finest bulwarks; they cheer and direct its friends, while they baffle and confound its foes.”

Did not America, we would inquire, at the period of the Revolution, furnish a brilliant illustration of a part of this beautiful picture? And may she not, if she please, corroborate the truth of the whole, by a more careful selection of teachers, and the adoption of a more extended and complete system of instruction in those (even now) valuable seminaries of learning—usually denominated *Common Schools*?

* * * Wanted immediately, a suitable person to obtain subscribers for this Journal in Erie and the adjacent counties.

* * * The indulgence of correspondents, whose recent favors we gratefully acknowledge, is requested until our next number.

POETRY.

SONGS BY E. C. LINDEN, GENT.

From the Knickerbocker.

OH! DASH THOSE TEAR DROPS FROM THINE EYES.

Oh! dash those tear drops from thine eyes,
And gaze upon the deep;
And mark the spot where lowly lies
The one for whom we weep.
But weep no more, for he is gone,
Unto his dreamless sleep;
Oh! give a sigh to wait him on
To Heaven—but do not weep.

I pray thee, never weep for me,
Whatever be my lot;
A sigh is all I ask of thee—
The tear availeth not.
Wait him to Heaven on thy sighs,
There cares will not assail him;
But dash those tear drops from thine eyes,
They can not now avail him.

Time is to him no longer now,
Eternity before him—
The arm of death has laid him low,
The waves are rushing o'er him.
Upon a coral bier he lies;
Oh gaze upon the spot—
But dash those tear drops from thine eyes,
For they avail him not.

SAY, WHEN AFAR FROM THEE.

Say, when afar from thee,
In other climes a rover,
Or on the stormy sea,
The pangs of parting over;
Oh! wilt thou then
Turn once again
A thought to those bright hours
Which we have past?
The few, the last,
Of pleasure's fading flowers!
Then, when afar from thee,
In other climes a rover,
Say, will a thought of me
Around thy day dreams hover?

Could I but hope that thou
Wouldst sigh for me to-morrow,
I could not leave thee now,
Or give thee cause of sorrow.
A single sigh,
Or that bright eye,
Turned up with look imploring;
One glance from thee,
Would bend my knee,
And fix me here adoring.
Then, when afar from thee,
In other climes a rover,
Say, will a thought of me
Around thy day dreams hover?

I WEEP THE HOUR.

By Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley.

I weep the hour when I was born,
Since thou canst find it joy to grieve me;
Yet, even if I've deserved this scorn,
Forgive me—O, forgive me!
I but desired thy faith to prove,
To try if thou'dst the heart to leave me;
I only wished to try thy love—
Forgive me—O, forgive me!
Let peace and rosy joy return—
Ah! spurn not thus the flowers I weave thee;
By day I weep, by night I mourn—
Forgive me—O, forgive me!
And must this prayer be prayed in vain?
Wilt thou not pity nor believe me?
My heart dies for that smile again—
Forgive me—O forgive me!
O, of that smile's sweet rosy ray
Wilt thou for evermore bereave me?
While still, with choking sobs, I pray,
Forgive me—O, forgive me!
If thou wert woe—if thou wert sad—
Pd give my life-blood to revive thee;
O say! my breaking heart to glad—
I do—I do forgive thee!

WOMAN.

Woman! to thee belongs the first address,
Thou light of life, and soul of loveliness!
Whether thou lingerest near us, as we roam,
Or deck'st with smiles the scenery of home;
Bind'st with the tenderest care, our aching head,
Or drop'st thy tears upon our sickly bed;

Still thou art nigh: the sunbeam of our days,
The bow of promise gliding with thy rays,
The clouds that threaten our terrestrial span,
And but for thee would burst on lonely man:
Oft have I marked thee, soothing pale distress,
Beneath the lowly eot of wretchedness;
Heard the lone orphan, grateful for thy care,
Lisp thy name in fervency of prayer;
But never did thy generous deeds impart
A fairer charm to captivate the heart,
Than when employed in sweet instruction's hour,
Dropping thy dew of knowledge on the flower,
That, but for thee, unopened, lone, and rude,
Had sprung and pined, and died in solitude.
O, I could dwell forever on thy name,
Thou fairest emblem of our country's fame!
Woman, where'er thy heart—thy harp—my page,
Breathe not thy plaudits, let the frosts of age
Nip the wild genius of my ripening muse,
Freeze the warm current of my soul—diffuse
Through every nerve its cheerless cold, the while
Unwarm'd by love, unblest by woman's smile.

THE CONSOLATIONS OF SLEEP.

When that sweet shape lies hushed in rest,
Its shadow flies to me;
Or else each dream that haunts my breast
Hath caught its shape from thee.

I feel not then the ties that bind
To happier hearts thine own,
For either earth is left behind,
Or earth is ours alone.

Ah! love can find a wider scope
For joy than thou wouldst deem;
Thou may'st forbid the day to hope,
But not the night to dream.

STANZAS.

I gave my heart to thee for thine,
And now my heart's untrue;
I see with grief the fault is mine,
And mine the misery too.

Give back my heart, and take thine own,
For falsehood hath such blame,
That while the sin is mine alone,
Thou shalt not wear the shame!

PERIODICALS.

THE JOURNAL OF BELLES LETTRES.—*New and Striking Character added to Waldie's Select Circulating Library.*—The proprietor of this work, anxious to gratify his readers to as great an extent as his means will allow, respectfully announces to the public, that the very liberal patronage he has received, has enabled him to add a new feature to this periodical, which he believes can not fail to prove interesting and valuable. The *Journal of Belles Lettres*, embracing three to four pages of additional new matter, will be given every week as an accompaniment to the *Circulating Library*, and will contain:

1. Early reprints of the reviews and notices of new books, from the weekly and monthly periodical press of London, &c. These reviews will be carefully selected with reference both to imparting correct information respecting such new books as are reprinted in America, and to conveying literary intelligence in regard to works which rarely find their way across the Atlantic. This part of the *Journal* will embrace a considerable amount of extracts from new books of travels, memoirs, biography, novels, and in fact present a bird's eye view of new publications, early diffused through the Union, by means of the facilities of mail transportation.

2. Varieties, embracing literary anecdotes, new discoveries in science and the arts, sketches of society and manners abroad, literary and learned transactions, short notices of new books and every species of information interesting to lovers of reading, with occasional specimens of the humorous departments of the *London Press*, which are within the bounds of good taste, and are now published in no other journal in America.

3. A regular list of the new books published and in progress in London and America.

4. Occasional original notices of new American publications, with extracts embracing their prominent features of excellence or defect.

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THE PEARL AND LITERARY GAZETTE.—Devoted to original and selected Tales, Legends, Essays, Traveling, Literary, and Historical Sketches, Biography, Poetry, &c. &c. Isaac C. Pray, Jr., Editor.

TERMS: Two dollars per annum, payable in advance. It has now reached its third volume, and will be issued in semi-monthly numbers, each containing eight large quarto pages, by William A. Hawley, Hartford, Conn.

MISCELLANY.

HANNAH MOORE.—A female instructor, a dramatic writer, a poetess, an author of several publications, whose moral and religious tendency, and the warm philanthropy by which they are evidently inspired, have indisputably established her claim to rank with, if not precede, the great benefactors of mankind. How few in the paths of literature, how very few, can boast that the purity and utility of their writings have kept pace with their intellectual endowments—too often, alas! in an opposite ratio. The rare praise of not having written a page without a strong, a palpable bias to mend the manners or reform the heart, is the envied merit of Hannah Moore. Surely no higher tribute can be paid to the talents of an author, particularly a female, than the universal acknowledgement that every page she has written has been subservient to the cause of virtue; that her great and only aim was, by wholesome precept, to soften the ills of this life, and point out the surest, safest means of attaining everlasting happiness.

Miss Moore, for many years, presided over an establishment for the education of young ladies, at Bath, in England.

Mr. Burke once observed to Sir Joshua Reynolds—“What a delight you have in your profession!”

“No, sir, said Dr. Johnson, taking up the question. “Reynolds only paints to get money.”

A spirited argument was the consequence of this unexpected assertion, in which Miss Moore, with an animation inspired by a love of the arts, took a decided part against Dr. Johnson, and was eloquent in defence of the disinterestedness of Sir Joshua; insisting, with much of truth, that the pleasure experienced by the artist, was derived from higher and more luxuriant sources than mere pecuniary consideration.

“Only answer me,” said the moralist, in an impressive tone, “did Leander swim across the Hellespont, merely because he was fond of swimming?”—*Lady's Book.*

DETRACTION.—Shakspeare has spoken of detraction as less excusable than theft; but there is a yet nobler fancy among certain uncivilized tribes, viz. that slander is a greater moral offence than even murder itself; for, they say, with an admirable shrewdness of distinction, ‘when you take a man's life, you take only what he must, at one time or the other, have lost; but when you take a man's reputation, you take that which he might otherwise have retained forever; nay, what is more important, your offence in the one is bounded and definite. Murder cannot travel beyond the grave—the deed imposes at once a boundary to its own effects; but in slander the tomb itself does not limit the malice of your wrong; your lie may pass onward to posterity, and continue, generation after generation, to blacken the memory of your victim.’ The people of the Sandwich Islands murdered Captain Cook; but they pay his memory the highest honors which their customs acknowledge. Are you surprised at this seeming inconsistency? Alas! it is the manner in which we treat the great! We murder them by the weapons of calumny and persecution, and then we declare the relics of our victim to be sacred!—*England and the English.*

ORATORY.—The great rule which the masters of rhetoric press much, can never be enough remembered, that to make a man speak well and pronounce with a right emphasis, he ought thoroughly to understand all that he says, be fully persuaded of it, and bring himself to have those affections which he desires to infuse into others. He that is persuaded of the truth of what he says, and has a concern about it in his mind, will pronounce with a natural vehemence that is far more lively than all the strains that art can lead him to. An orator must be an honest man, and speak always on the side of truth, and study to feel all that he says; and then he will speak it so as to make others feel it likewise.—*Cambray's Dialogues on Eloquence.*

There are moments in our life when we feel inclined to press to our bosom every flower, and every distant star, every worm, and every darkly imaged loftier spirit—an embracing of all nature like our beloved.

A person who has treated you with attention, but now with indifference, labors under a conviction of having previously mistaken your character, or else is now chargeable with misconstruing your conduct; the first shows a mortifying want of discernment, the last a pitiable want of generosity.